### A YELLOW LEAF.

Yellow leaf, glimmering gainst the bins sky, lattering, finitering, All results he fly? Warm is the summy air.
And soft the wind's sight
Locae on the bengh thy hold.
Soor that thy grean is guid!
Yellow leaf, is it not easy to dief ow, ere the winter's frown, ow, ere thy gold is brown, We who are watching three wistfully sigh, "Yeilire leaf, yeilire leaf, Ours is a life as brief; uld we might part with as sweet a

-Marian Douglas in Harper's Bazar.

## THE BURGLAR.

Ezra Timmins was a steady man of bety, who had been fifteen years bookper for the prosperous grocery house of Ham, Bacon, Lard & Co. To guard against burghes, he cultivated an acquaintance with the policemen who alternated on the beat and dropped mysterious hints of munificent rewards in came they caught a burglar in the act. He had a burgiar alarm in his bedroom and a shotgun, from which Mrs. Timmins was in the habit of withdrawing cartridges for fear he should shoot him-

Many a sleepless night he spent in prowling about the house in the dark in quest of some intruder whose footstep he thought he heard. He read every article in the newspapers about burglaries, and surprised his wife and nices by the extent and accuracy of his information touching the methods of the fraternity. He plunged them into depths of despair by declaring that he knew it was his destiny to wake up some morning and find the house robbed and Constance's throat

Constance was a levely girl, the daughter of an elder brother of Timmins who had gone south after the war, bought a plantation, taken the yellow fever and ed, leaving an estate of which the value was unknown. She was a coquette, and had a host of admirers who seldom commanded the approval of her uncle or aunt. If they were young Uncle Ezra said they were snips and ought to be in the nursery. If they were old, he said they should be in some old people's home. Constance laughed at his invectives, and when her uncle forbade this or that man the house she met him elsewhere, if he had taken her fancy.

Among the admirers who could not fairly be condemned to the nursery was Colonel Pitblado. He had met Constance at a small party and had been struck by her beauty and vivacity. With his usual circumspection he had instituted inquirles regarding her prospective fortune. From the assiduity with which he purmed her afterward it may be inferred that the result of the investigation had been satisfactory.

Much to his annovance Constance not only did not ask him to the house, but begged as a favor that he would not come; at any rate for the present.

"You see, Colonel Pitblado," said she, "I have rather taken a fancy to you and I don't want to lose you. Now, my uncle, who is the best man in the world invariably takes a dislike to people who pay me attention. I have a presentiment that if you came to the house he would quarrel with you, and that would be the

The colonel argued, but it was of no avail. The only concession which Constance would make was that now and then, say once a week, she would leave the door open after her uncle had gone to bed, and the colonel might slip in and spend a few minutes with her in the dark in the hall or in the drawing room.

"I know," she said, "that you are too much of a gentleman to make me regret my good nature; anyway I think I can take care of myself." The colonel's behavior was beautiful.

His speech was eloquent on the subject of his love, but he rarely ventured even to press the fingers of his charmer as ther sat side by side on the sofa.

There they sat one night, and Constance, in a subdued voice, was explaining her uncle's extraordinary terror of

burglars.
"Has he ever been robbed?" asked the

I believe that when he was a child burglars broks into the house where he was living and killed one of the inmates. He was wakened out of bed by the sound of the shot, and he has never got over the shock." "I can quite understand it," replied

the colonel. "There is something peculiarly terrifying in a midnight encounber with a man whom you cannot see, and who has everything to gain and little to lose by taking your life."

"Oh!" cried Constance, "the thought Alls me at times with such horror that I am as afraid of burglars as my uncle. I think that if I saw one in my room, I would die of fright."

"I hope," said the colonel laughing. "that I would not show the white feather. But I must say I do not hanker to need a burglar in the fleels."

At that moment a slight noise was hearst outside the drawing room door. It was the faintest possible creak of a weak flooring plank under a tread. Both the temants of the sofa looked up and held their breath, with ears on the full strain. Another board creaked and presently, after a wait which seemed to last for ages, the acute ears of the colonel detected a muffled tread on the carpet of the room in which they sat. There was a third party in the room. He was shod with wool and was moving noiselessly and occasionally stopping as if to listen whether he was detected. The long

expected burging had come. Constance hanted silently on the sofa. The cobrod in whom the presence of danger had presidently his fulting it stinet, rose from his seat out ground his way notacleably howard the introder whom he could not see. He could by this time hear the sommiral's breath coming and grang and institut prompted him to hold his own. He would have given worlds for a waspen, but his comwas not of reach. He must give battlewith his bare hands movement one who probably had both planel and knife, As

he reflected the introder's feet came info contact with a stool. The colonel has "Vent, vidt, virt," says Nathan Haskell thated in langer; with a sudden spring Dole he was upon the invader. He had thrown his weight into the spring and the Boston Symphony orchestra be made felled the burgler to the ground lars a great sensation at the reheared. A downward. Then, swiftly seizing his compatriot of the chrysonthonum piwrists, he held them in a grip of iron, smirt, who has an imperfect knowledge twisted the arms spward and sat down of English, but prides himself on that,

The burgier straggled, evidently strivthe to from one hand to not his know, her the school was now digiting for his round of his houses as he sat down,--His. The chutch of the wrists and not re- Book News,

lax. When the struggle grew weaker and Pithlado had got back his breath he

You villain! If you don't keep your hands still, I'll drive my knife through your vitals. One motion and you are a dead man

The burgiar made no reply. He panted, and sounds came from him which to Riblado's ear sounded strangely like a sob. The colonel derived a qualified satisfaction from his stillness. If he had dared to loose his clutch of the fellow's wrists he would have tried to throttle him, but the danger of a stab in the side if he moved his hands to the burgiar's threat was too obvious.

He thought of shouting for help. But that would have betrayed his presence in Constance's drawing room after the ights were out and when her uncle was in bed. He would rather risk the knife than compromise her. He supposed that she had fled upstairs, whereas in fact she was in a dead faint on the sofa. What was he to do? Was he to stay

sitting on that burglar all night? While he ransacked his brain for an marry. expedient, a deep groan came from the man under him. The burglar gasped and at last muttered:

'If you'll let me up I'll show you"-"Yes, I dare say," said Pitblado; "you'll show us lots of things. That to show you the door of the other world." burgler went on:

"I'll show you"do all the showing in this menagerie?" "If you'll only lift your weight off my

lungs so I can breathe,"said the burglar. drive a knife into me, wouldn't you? tion. It was, like all the rest, a gift Not much. I'm just thinking how I shall from Mr. McKin. kill you so as not to ruin the carpet"-"Oh! oh! oh!" came from the prostrate

What an unreasonable fellow von are;" said the colonel; "here I've let you to make the affair a splendid one, but live for ever so many minutes while I when it was over the guests began to achave been studying how to put you to

"Why should I?" "I'll-I'll show you where the silver

"You'll show me," repeated the colo-

"I will. I give you my honor I will." "Oh, I see," said Pitblado; "you want to divide. It won't do." What more do you want?"

"I don't intend," said the colonel, "that you shall have a single spoon." Take them all; take them all. Only

let me keep Connie's christening cup."
"By George," muttered Pitblado, you're a romantic sort of a chap to be It had by this time become manifest

to the colonel that the situation could not be prolonged forever. He could not sit on that burglar's back till morningthe tension of the muscles of his arms was weakening. He must somehow get him to the nearest police station. If he only had a ray of light!

At that moment a faint groan came rom the sofa. "By the Lord," muttered the colonel,

'he's got an accomplice." Another sound from the sofa and Pitblado saw that time was up. The new comer might at any moment rush to the noticed a poker and shovel in front of the drawing room grate. With a sudden spring he regained his feet, let the bur-

glar go, leaped to the grate and seized A wild shriek came from the sofa and simultaneously the colonel struck a match. By its flare he saw to his amazement Connie sitting upon the sofa and the burglar lying motionless on the floor.

Had he killed the scoundrel? Another match lit the gas and Connie sprang to the burglar, took his head in her arms and screamed to Pitblado;

"You have killed my uncle!" "Your uncle? Why, that's the bur-

"It's my uncle, and you have choked him to death. He's insensible, Oh, help me to bring him to." The prostrate man revived, and, see-

ng Connie, Luttered: "Let him take all the silver, Connie, except your christening cup. If he will spare our lives, we'll not prosecute."

It did not take long to get Mr. Timmins upon the sofa, and, as he was not hurt, a glass of rum, administered by the tender hands of Connie, restored him to his senses. His mind was still confused. He murmured:

"I have had a narrow escape, my poor Constance. I seemed to hear a noise in this room and stepped in, when a man of gigantic strength leaped on me, and was about to kill me when you must have appeared and frightened him

"That is not quite exact, dear uncle. While you were struggling in the most heroic way with a burglar Colonel Pitblado imprened to pass, entered the house by the front door, which the burgiar had left open, drove the fellow away and rescued you. Allow me to introduce you-Mr. Timmins, Colonel Pitblado,"-John Bonner in Argonaut,



"COULD YOU OBLIGE MIE WITH A LIGHT?" -Pick Me Un.

New Version of Course. I have beard a new version of Casar's

When Padarewski first played with Imped to his feet and shouted:

"He came, he saw, he inquired?" He could not understand the smuse-

## A WITCH STORY.

The story I am about to tell you is curious as having been told by an old colored woman of Virginia, a slave "before the war," and one who can neither rend

Years ago there lived in Virginia a atleman named McKin, who was greetrespected by all who knew him. He rich; he was kindly; he had the good wishes of all his neighbors; he was an excellent master and a good friend.

He owned a great deal of real estate. and among it was the finest mill property in the county. It was known as McKin's grist mill, and was very valuable. He always kept a miller there, and of course the miller had his men, and a thriving business was carried on for years. Meanwhile Mr. McKin remained a bachelor and lived in the old family mansion with his mother and sisters until the former died and the latter married, and people began to say that now no doubt McKin himself would

However, neither maid nor widow of the place could flatter herself that the bachelor's attentions were "particular." He lived alone with his large retinue of servants for a year, and at last astonished his friends by marrying a lady who cook won't fight. It's I that am going was an utter stranger to every one, a very beautiful young woman who had The colonel could feel a quiver go golden hair, great black eyes, a skin like through the frame on which he sat. The cream and a brown mole on her left

He gave a great supper to introduce Haven't I told you that I am going to her, and she was admired by all. Her dress was exquisite. She sparkled with jewelry, and a magnificent cluster ring which she wore on the middle finger of You'd make use of your breath to the right hand attracted much atten-

The host did his best. The supper was delightful: there was a band of music from Richmond; there were roses everywhere. Mr. McKin had tried to make knowledge to one another that they were ath."
"Spare my life," gurgled the burglar. disappointed. Why they could not say.
Perhaps Mrs. McKin was cold in her manner. Some people could not help being that. But they had not been happy, and in old times every one had enjoyed themselves so much at the Mc-Kins'

Then some one hinted that the house servants did not like their new lady, and liked still less her foreign maid, little and dark and withered as an old monkey.
"No," old Phœbe, the cook, had said to some one, "we all don't like madame's maid-we all don't like her. We got no right to talk about de madame nohow. But madame's maid, she jes' a nigger, same as de rest, and we all reckon she mighty cur'us-mighty cur'us."

The day after the party was Saturday. Mrs. McKin professed herself weary and remained in bed until supper time. Sunday morning, however, she rose. As she was eating breakfast her husband

"We shall have to make some haste, my dear." he said, "in order to be at church in season." It was some time before his wife an-

swered him: then she said: "I will not go to church today." "I am very anxious that you shoul l,

my dear," Mr. McKin said, "It will be expected of us." "You can go alone," she as

coldly. "Alone, the first Sabbath after my marriage!" he cried. "Oh, my dear, impossible! See what I have bought for you for the occasion," And he took from a table a small parcel, unfolded it and handed to Mrs. McKin a beautiful little prayer book bound in blue velvet, with silver clasps, and her name on the corner in silver letters. As he placed it before her she uttered a low cry and fainted away. The maid rushed to her and they carried her to her room, where thenceforward she remained. From that moment Mr. McKin's beautiful young wife seemed to be bedridden. She never left her pillow. Mr. McKin consulted the most celebrated physicians. None of them could discover what ailed her. Her maid nursed her continually. Mr. Mc-Kin was not encouraged to enter the room; he always made his wife's head ache when he spoke to her. Finally he contented himself with a brief call of inquiry every morning. He was a very inhappy man, more unhappy than in his

bachelor days. Old Phœbe began to tell strange stories to her friend, the housekeeper at the

"Marsy Jack mighty nigh done broke his heart," she would say. "I'ze mighty sorry for Jack, but we all jes' despises de madam. She sick in bed all day, but in de night I reckon she mighty wellyes'm, she mighty well den, and she get up and dress sheself and eat a big supper and go out ob de do'. Yes'm, she do. And dat little chipmunk of a maid she go along wid her, and dey done comback jes' befo' sun up. Yes'm, we all knows dat de libin truff."

'Why don't you tell your Marse Jack?" the housekeeper asked. "Dere ain" nobedy dast tell dat yar to Marse Jack McKin," said Phoebe:

And nobody did dare. But soon it was whispered everywhere that Mrs. McKin had a lover whom she went to meet in

the pine woods at midnight. But there was something else that Mr. Jack McKin was to hear shortly. There was trouble at his mill, and the trouble was of a supernatural sort-the miller and his men had seen a ghest. One by one the men had been fright-

ened away, and the miller was alone at his post. At last he came up to the Mc-Kin mansion one day and resigned his reasons, but finally did so. The ghosts there seere two of them -manifested themselves every night. They were not to be frightened away, and did mischief to the grain and set fire to the mill in various places, though he had always found the flames in time to put them out. Now they threatened to kill him if he was not out in three days.

"I am amused to hear such a story from a white man of intelligence," was Jack McKin's comment on the tale. Some one is evidently trying to frightthey threaten to take your life the sheriff Brooklyn Life. and his men shall be with you."

Finally the miller returned to the mill and at dusk on the third day was seen alive and well by people who came with grist. When the sheriff and his men came stealthily through the weeds an hour later the mill was perfectly dark, heat and cold." They, lighted their lanterus and went through it, calling the miller by name, for three years in a steam heated flatbut receiving no answer, until they

found him in his own room lying on his face, a pistol in his hand, an overturned With local applications, as they cannot lamp beside him, dead. He had been reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh shot through the heart. There was no is a blood or constitutional disease, living human being in the old mill, and and in order to cure it you must take for a long while nobody went near it. internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure for a long while nobody went near it. At last people began to say that the mil-ler had shot himself by accident and that the negroes had frightened him. Another miller applied for the place and physicians in this country for years, remained three days. In fact, to cut a and is a regular prescription. It ghost gave them all was found dead, as

the first one had been. The nill was soon spoken of as haunted by every one. No one would work there, and finally Mr. McKin closed it, and it was left to itself and to the ghost, All this while Mme. McKin remained an alleged invalid, shut in her room all

of in whispers by her servants. No one believed McKin's mill would ever run again, but one day a tall, strong, broad shouldered young fellow walked up the steps of the McKin mansion, asked to see the master, and begged to be allowed to take charge of the grist

"T've heard the story," he said, as Mr. McKin began to explain. "I don't believe in ghosts, and they can't scare me anyway. I'm in hard luck, and I'm a good miller. Trust me and your mill shall work better than ever. You'll do me a service, and I'll do you one."

In vain Mr. McKin set before him the fact that two millers had been already killed there in the haunted mill. The young giant declared that he should not be, and finally the gentleman engaged

The mill was opened and the miller set to work. He took with him into the mill a Bible, a revolver and a large, For the first two nights he saw noth-

ing, but heard noises like the falling of heavy millstones upon the floor above and feet upon the stairs. He had expected something like this and remained in his room reading his Bible by the light of a shaded lamp.

On the third night, having heard the same noises and quietly disregarded a hardware merchant of Boonville, them, his door was dashed open and a Dallas county, In. "I have tried a hideous form entered. It was something between a woman and a great bird of prey. It wore fluttering white robes, and had instead of hands great black claws. It floated toward him through the air, and behind it came another like unto it, but smaller.

The first creature swooped downward and made a clutch at the lamp. As it did so he snatched his revolver from his belt and fired, emptying all the chammade a furious clutch at the lamp. As she did so he lifted his ax above his head, and with one blow severed the gist, No. 58 Monroe street. hideous black claw from what looked like a shriveled human arm; then he hurled his Bible at the head of the THE MONTAGUE TREATMENT smaller fiend. Instantly screams, oaths and horrible curses filled the air. The strange beings vanished and silence

The black claw dropped to the table. It was such a hideous sight that the miller covered it with a cloth, that he might not see it. He kept watch all the night, and early in the morning Mr. McKin, who had been told that firing had been heard in the mill, came to make inquir-The miller told his tale, and Mr. McKin complimented him on his bravery. Of course he was desirous of seeing the amputated claw, and the miller proudly drew away the cloth. Behold! a woman's beautiful hand-a right hand, at all. Since I took your treatment last sumon the middle finger of which gleamed a splendid cluster diamond ring. At the sight of this horror seized the miller, and Mr. McKin seemed about to die. He knew the hand; he knew the ring. Then, without a word, he walked out of the mill and homeward and into his wife's chamber. She was in her bed, as usual. The maid, pale, and with a great bruise upon her forehead, interposed to prevent his approach.

"Madame is very ill," she said. "Out of my way, woman!" he cried and pushed her aside.

Then, bending over his wife's bed, but without his usual show of tenderness, he said sternly: "Show me your hand."

She thrust forth her left one. "The other," he said. She uttered a scream and turned down the counterpane, but there was none to

which the hand had been severed. The next morning the whole village was in wild excitement, for Jack Mc-Kin, whom they all knew and loved so well, had gone to the graveyard and there shot himself through the heart beside his mother's grave. And the servants had told their tale and the miller his, and there was the lady's hand, with the ring upon it, to be seen by all. .

show-only a bandaged stump, from

"Burn the wretches," a man cried, and a band of men, both black and white, bore down upon the McKin mansion. They entered the door and marched up the stairs and into madame's room, but there was no one there. Nobody had seen the two women depart, but they were gone and were never seen again, and since that time no fool has ever entered the old mill and it has slowly fallen into decay.

The lady's hand, however, is still preserved in spirits in the town ball, and the old negro who acts the part of watch man declares that at midnight it always changes to a hideous black claw. However, no one else ever witnessed this transformation.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

A Conditional Pardon. "Mr. Dusenberry," said the sick man

millership. He was reluctant to give his to his neighbor, whom he had called to the side of what he supposed was his deathbed. "we have had much difficulty in the past and have not been on speaking terms. I believe I am now about to die and I have sent for you that we may settle our differences and be friends before I go."

"Nothing would give me greater please ure than a recongiliation," replied Dusenberry as he took the hand of the dying But remember. sold the invalid in a

gradually sinking voice, "if I get well on you away. Remain, and on the night | the thing goes on just as it did before "-Inured to It. "So you want to go on the expedition.

> den changes. It goes to the extremes of "Pooh! I won't mind that. I've lived house."-Buffelo Express.

do you? It's a dangerous trip. Why

Catarrh Cannot be Cured is taken internliny, and acts directly or the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best remained three days. In fact, to cut a and is a regular prescription. It is long story short, the only other miller composed of the best tonics known, who dared to brave the warning that the combined with the best blood purifiers. acting directly on the nuccous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two in-gredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarris.

wonderful results in care.
Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props.,
Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prom-ment druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never day, watched by her maid and talked be afraid to buy Chamberlain's cough remedy. There is no danger from and relief is always sure to follow. particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. It is intended especially for colds, croup and whooping cough." 50 cent bottles for sale by F. J. Wurzburg, d. uggist, No. 58 Monroe street.

Chesp Excursions to Canada. "The Old Reliable" Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee, and Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon railways will give their aunual Canadian Excursion. The rate to nearly all prominent points in Canada will be HALF-FARE, and the long limit of the tickets will allow excursionists to pay an extended visit to reiscess of these excursions in former years has induced these lines to again repeat the same this year. Tickets at these cheap rates will be on sale at all stations for all trains on December 20, 21 and 22, valid to return to January 10, 1893, giving from 18 to 20 days for the visit. For information make application to all agents of D., G. H. & M. and T., S. & M. Railway.

JAMES CAMPBELL,

City Agent, 23 Monroe street. "For the past two or three years I have been subject to cramping pains in the stomach," says Mr. W. A. Baldwin, a hardware merchant of Boonville, number of different remedies, the best one being Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhea remedy. One or two doses of it always cures me." Sold by F. J. Wurzburg, druggist, No. 58 Mon-

For pains in the chest there is nothing tetter than a fiannel cloth saturated with Chamberlain's pain balm and bound on over the seat of pain. It will blistering, and is not so disagreeable as bers. The strange beings vanished with mustard; in fact is much superior to a wild shrick, but in a moment they en any plaster on account of its pain-retered again. This time the largest one lieving qualities. If used in time it

AN OLD ERROR CORRECTED.

More Gratifying Words For Dr. Rankin.

That estarrh can be permanently cored is proven by the statement below of Mr. James Blandford, a man well known among the manufacturers of the city. Dr. Rankin met P. R. SPENCER, Sec. him a few days since and asked him if he had any return of the catarrh, "No sir," said Mr. there lay upon the table, not a claw, but Blaudford. "I have no symptoms of catarrh



JAMES BLANDFORD, 247 GOLD STREET. mer I have been a well man, When I began I was suffering intensely with neura gie pains in my head. I had catarrh of the nose and throat in an aggravated form. In the morn ing my first duty was to cough and hawk cough and hawk until I had cleared my head and lungs from all the mucus that had accum-ulated over night. I had all the other symp-toms common to catarrh, but now, thanks to FROM ALL EVIDENCES of that teathsome trouble. If there is any one, Dr. Rankin, to whom I give a good word it's to you, and I same. I know I can recommend you in your Dr. Bankin is a graduate of Ann Arbor and has had years of experience to his specialties,

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CATARRH CURED. "Bes hours to 11 30 a, m. | to | p. m., 7 to 4 "anients at a distince successfully treated

stances for armobels and symptoms bland. -- ADDRESS-DR. C. E. RANKIN.

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the climate is subject to the most sud-M. H. LAMOREE, Dentist. di Monros street

All work wairanted first class. Call for prices.

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## January Sacrifice!

# CLOTHING BARGAINS.

We begin this week our Annual January Clearing Sale, which we believe will exceed all similar efforts.

It's a principle of ours to carry over as few goods as possible from season to season. Old and out-of-style clothing is not worth much and we don't let ours get old. To close out goods is our only object in this sale-we shut our eyes to profits-we disregard costs.

Please Note - In this sacrifice of values we positively sell all Overcoats, Suits and Trousers at lower prices than the same qualities were ever sold at

THE

# Clothing Company.

Detroit Business University.

CANAL AND LYON STREETS.

The Leading Business Traing Institution of America. Young Men and Women who have ambition and character enough to maintain themselves in independence are given a thorough course of practical study in one or more of Six Superior Schools, which combined form the University as follows: Business, Shorthand, English, Permanship, Mechanical Drawing, Elecution and Language Departments. Students can arrange for one or several Studies and for such time as desired. Large corps of superior teachers. Elegant new building, containing all mondern conveniences. Day and Evening Sessions. For particulars call or send for illustrated catalogue.

W. F. JEWEL, Pres.

Usually hatch out in abundance this time of the year. Some of them live to die of old age, some a few months, a few weeks, a few days, and some barely get out of the shell and then expire.

But here is one resolution good for 12 months and warranted.

We have resolved for the coming year to give special sales of two weeks duration, your treatment last summer. I am FREE in different lines of goods. So at any time whom I give a good word it's to you, and I you may find certain goods at our store way specialties and I never mer et an opportun below the market price.

For the next two weeks we offer the CHARGES \$5.00 A MONTH! following stoves for cash or installment:

49 Mohawk, 30x30, wood, lined, zinc, etc... 89 Victor Coal Hester, zinc pipe and damper...... Regular, \$12.00. Now \$10.00 109 Victor Coal Heater, zinc pipe and damper ...... Regular, \$13.50. Now \$11.60 89 Acorn and Oven, 30x30, wood, lined, zinc pipe and damper, copper kettle and shovel ....... Regular, \$43.50. Now \$38.09 162 Oneen Ac., 33x33, wood, lined, zinc, copper tea kettle, pipe, damper and shovel...... .. Regular, \$35.50. Now \$29.50 142 Queen Ac., 30x30, wood, lined, rine, etc ...... ... Regular, \$31.25. New \$26.50 140 Queen Ac., etc .... Regular, \$29.75. Now \$25.00 29 Mohawk, 28x2S, wood, lined, sinc, etc ..... Regular, \$19.50. Now \$16.00 Regular, \$23.00. Now \$28.00 39 Mohawk, etc .... When writer indice a cents in | 152 Royal Ac., 35233, wood, lined, sinc, copper tea kettle, I Russian pipe, damper and shovel ..... Regular, \$45.50. Now \$38.60 Regular, \$40.50. New \$34.35 132 Royal Ac., 20x30, wood, haed, rine, copper tea kettle, 1 pipe, damper and shovel....... Regular, \$35.50. Now \$30.25 .. Regular, \$25.00. Now \$38.50 Old Acorn, round and zinc Regular, \$12.08. New \$18.00 No. 14 Magic Oak and sine. Regular, \$15.50. Now \$12.50 No. 21 Rural Ac., wood and sine ..... Regular, \$18.50. Now \$14.50 No. 22 Rural Ac. Regular, \$18.50. Now \$15.00 No. 82 Floral Ac. Regular, \$21.00. Now \$17.00

123 to 129 S. Division St. -160 and 162 Cherry St.